ABOUT BANK BURGLARS.

THE SERVING DOWNFALL OF A ONCE FLOURISHING INDUSTRY.

Eight Years Without a Noteworthy Enter prise in Artistic Depredation—Where the First-class Burglars have Gone to.

Keen observers of current events car hardly have failed to note that " the enterprising burglar isn't burgling" as he used to Coarse vulgar, inartistic house breaking and store pilfering are still practised, but there has not been any real work of art in the way of bank robbery in the Eastern country since 1878. A mossy monotony of calm pervades the lives of bank directors and watchmen, while cashiers are constrained to skip alone to Canada with the funds, when they would much rather get out of bed to open the safe combination under compulsion, "divvy." and stay at home in the good old-fashioned way. Manufacturers of safes have done a great deal of blowing in late years about the safety of their constructions; but can it be possible that those safe blowers have really been too much for the other kind of safe owers? Or have the burglars all reformed and permitted their difficult and dangerous branch of art to fall into what our honored President would, with unstudied simplicity of Style, characterize as "innocuous desuetude?"

Inspector Byrnes being invited to bring his agile but forceful mind to the contemplation of these questions, said grimly; "No, the safe makers have not got ahead of the cracksmen with their inventions. There is no safe or lock that these people cannot open if you give them time enough; and as a general thing they don't want so very much time, either. The time-lock safe is, I judge, the best safeguard that is dependent only upon itself for its security from invasion, but it can be and has been beaten. The skill of the first-class burglar keeps pace with that of the mechanic, and even beyond it, for he makes it his business to study more than the mechanic does, is up to the use of forces and devices that the mechanic is not likely to know, and has on his side any way the percentage of advantage in nature's law that it is easier to destroy than to create. All the improved locks and safes, as fast as they come out, are carefully studied by the first-class burglars, who even buy them, no matter how costly they are, for the purpose of taking them apart and learning how to beat them. At least they used to do that when burglary was a more flourishing industry than it is at present. Just now there are probably few professional cracksmen who could afford to make any very considerable investments in improving their

minds for business purposes in that way. There has not been an attempt at a bank burgiary in New York since the raid on the Manhattan Bank in 1878. Indeed, in that time there have been very few attempts within a radius of four or five hundred miles from this city, and the few that have been made have nearly all been unsuccessful. In fact, I cannot now recall one, in that time and within that distance from New York, that has been successful.

I think that one great cause for there being such a scarcity of burgiaries is the great demoralization that has been produced among all first-class thieves by the vigilance of the police, especially in this city. The burglars have been driven from pillar to post so that their organizations have been broken up, and they have been so often and so mysteriously betrayed to the police that they have lost confidence in one another. If a mob of four or five of them get together to plan a big job, as they meet one thought will be in each mind: 'I wender which one among us is going to give this away at Headquarters.' All the big robbe-ries used to be conceived or planned here. The respectable persons who used to stand behind them and put up the sinews of war were here: respectable persons who used to stand behind them and put up the sinews of war were here; the fences were here. Now they are scattered, and the few who remain are afraid to work. There are very few who remain of the first class ones. A number of them have been driven out to England, and some of them are in jail there, for long terms, too. Two of the most expert bank sneaks we had, one named Flynn and the other Jim Burns, both from the city of Sullivan and the Mayflower, are in France, serving out a sentence of eighteen months. When their time is up there they will be taken to Germany to be tried there on four indictments, and they are dead certain to get ten years each on each indictment. Forty years in prison is the song of promise that ittle birdie can sing to them, and I don't think we shallower see them here again. This notorious Mark Shinburn and Charley Bullard tried to break into a bank in Beigium, were arrested, and played the indignant, highly respectable tourist dodge. But the Beigian authorities held them and applied to me for information, which I gave, and sent their portraits along. And now it is arranged that Mark traits along. And now it is arranged that Mark

respectable tourist dodge. But the Beigian authorities heid them and applied to me for information, which I gave, and sent their portraits along. And now it is arranged that Mark and Charley will stay in Beigium for seventeen years, if they live that iong. I'm glad of it, for they were two dangerous men.

"Two, like them in being bad clitzens, Tom McCornick and Ned Lyons, are in prison on long terms in this country. So is Ferry MoGuire, who, only four years ago, got a sentence of thirty years, over in New Jersey. And there are several more safely jugged for a long time to come, whose names do not recur to me at this moment, and are not necessary, any way, to adorn the tale and point the moral that 'he who steals what in't his'n, is most likely, sooner or later, to go to pris'n. But we keep a record of what becomes of all them who amount to anything: when, and where, and for what, and for how long they are jugged; what commutation they can carn; whether they are carning it or not; when they are carning it or not; when they are soming out; or if they die in prison; or if they escape—so that we are prepared for them at any moment as long as they remain in this world.

"That is not so bir a job as it may look to you, for I do not think there have been more than forty or at most fifty really first-class bank burgiars in this country. By first class' I mean the men who had the boldness and talent to conceive big undertakings in their nefarious business and the great mechanical skill, courage, and energy to work them out successfully. Of course there have been wastly more engaged in bank burgiary. But in every job thore will be only one or at most twyreally first-class operators, though there will be one outsider who is respectable and who puts updated who is respectable and who put

over-estimated.

But to return to the burglars, who, though not at present burgling, may begin again to burgle at any moment. An ounce of prevention to any man who has a safe may well be worth a burgle at any moment. An ounce of prevention to any man who has a safe may well be worth a pound of cure, and that ounce may very readily be applied. Raise your safe upon a solid brick foundation on the floor to a height of two or two and a half freet and place it where it is exposed to agood light, before a window, where it can be clearly seen from the street, and there it will be about as near to absolute safety as it is in the nature of things to be. It is almost impossible for burglars to obtain the time necessary to onen any decent safe if it is exposed in that way. And if you run a bank, have somebody sleep in the building. A watchman sleeping in the building will not be of much account in preventing a robbery if the burglars get in before he wakes, but his having a lodging there will materially affect the putting away of the burglars when they are caucht, as they probably will be. Breaking into an uninhabited building is only punishable by ten years' imprisonment, but if the building is inhabited the penalty is twenty years and the interests of the community demand that nothing shall be overlooked that will pur the burglar away for the longest time possible. That is where the usefulness of the somnoient watchman comes in. His presence makes the building inhabited.

CURIOUS BROOK FARM. Place that the Owner has Been Years

Making Protty, he Hardly Knows Why. Among the many beautiful places in and around Stamford, Conn., is Brook Farm, which s peculiar as well as beautiful. Two days in the week it is thrown open to visitors. On plessant days there is always a large attendance, and the owner permits visitors to roam at will through about thirty acres of wonders ree of charge. Twenty-eight years ago the place was composed of tangled wood, bog, and narsh, with elders ten feet high, so that you could hardly find a core. Now there is a rare example of landscape gardening that will bear favorable comparison with the most noted formed by great labor into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The bed has been deepened and the banks widened, and seven beautiful islands, each with some novel characteristic. have been constructed. Seven thousand care fully cultivated plants bloom in loveliness Here a log house, built of timber from Bangor gives a shady shelter. There are piles of picuresque rocks. One island contains a

pond of water lilies, another an immense bank of geraniums. Rustic bridges span the brook, which is widened at various points so as to make three good-sized lakes, on which are pleasure boats and boat houses. The woods have been cleared for about eighty feet on each side the brook.

and boat houses. The woods have been cleared for about eighty feet on each side the brook, and the paths lead through spacious and neatly mown lawns, with here and there clumps of trees and rustle seats on which the visitor may sit and view the wonderful scene, and watch the swans or the schools of fish in the clear water.

The visitor passes up one side of the brook and down the other, and all slong the path are scattered curious things to attract attention. There are curious bird houses, and romantic paths leading to shady bowers in the woods. Statuary is placed at prominent points. There is a curious panelled fence a quarter of a mile long, with no two panels alike. There is a squirrel house, where the children can be amused for hours. There are cascades and waterfalls, and water wheels. A neatly painted summer house at the head of the lakes gives the visitor a pleasant place to rest. An iron tower, with spiral staircases, affords an opportunity to get a bird's eye view of the scene.

The owner, who has thus devoted about half of his seventy-acre farm to the amusement of many people who do not even know his name, is Charles H. Phillips of New York. Mr. Phillips is a hale and hearty man of 60. For many years of his work on the place his neighbors, called him a crank. He says himself: "I don't know but they were right. I often ask myself what I have done it for. I suppose it is because I have enjoyed it. I have done a little every year, and it not only gives me pleasure to look at it and to work at it, but it gives me pleasure to see others come and look at it. One day I went over dressed in some old clothes, and I was amusing myself painting an old boat. A party of ladies and gentlemen came along, and some of them said. I suppose you don't care how the owner spends his money so long as you get paid.' Isaid I did not, and they went on.

"I really do not know how nuch land I have improved here. I must have it measured some day, for many people ask me. I do not know how much I have expended on it. I should hardl

CONNECTICUT POLITICS

Candidates for Congress in the New Haven, Hartford, and Other Districts.

New Haven, Sept. 18 .- Congressman Charles L. Mitchell, who is now serving his second term as Representative in Congress from the New Haven district, has written a letter, his friends say, in which he positively delines to be again a candidate. It is probable that at the approaching convention. Carlos French. wealthy manufacturer of the Naugatuck valley, will be nominated. Mr. French's nomination would be so satisfactory to the Knights of Labor that no ticket would be run against him. The Republicans will nominate Ex-Postmaster N. D. Sperry, who has been the brains and the boss of the Republican party in Connecticut since 1856. His career as Postmaster refuted the idea that a political officeholder must make an unbusinesslike officer. Sperry's business administration of the New Haven ed out by the Post Office authorities in Washington as the model Post Office of the country, and yet what political schemes were hatched in Postmaster Sperry's little private office. There, lu fact, was laid the plan for the bolt that kept Joe Hawley out of the Senate in 1872.

probably nominate the rich manufacturer. Fred J. Mills. Mr. Mills has already represented the district for two terms, and there is a sented the distriction two forms, and there is a feeling that no Democrat can beat him there except William H. Barnum. If Congressman Lyman is not nominated for Governor, he will be renominated for Congress by the Democrats in this district. In the Hartford district the Rethis district. In the Hartford district the Republicans will renominate Congressman Buck, but the Democrats are all at sea. Mr. Buck is a hard man to beat. His vote on the River and Harbor bill did beat him for reflection four years ago, but his record is straight now on

pears ago, but his record is straight now on that monstrosity.

In the Norwich district the Republicans will probably put the patriarch of the House on the shelf. Col. John T. Wait has served six terms, and in the last two was the oldest member of the House, though far more lively than men like Edmunds, whose father Col. Wait might have been. Young Charley Russell of Windham county will probably be nominated. Mr. Russell was for some years a reporter in New Haven and in Worcester, but is now engaged with his father-in-law in manufacturing. What Mr. Russell's father-in-law, Col. S. L. Sayles, doesn't know about the politics of eastern Connecticut isn't worth knowing. Col. Sayles, since he won his title of Colonel on Jowell's staff, has never cared for office himself, but likes to have something of the kind in the family. If David A, Wells wishes the Democratic nomination in that district, he can have it. It usually goes a begging.

A SMOKER'S TRIALS. One of the Annoyances to which a Man with

a Light is Subjected.

A well-fed gentleman sat comfortably in front of an up-town hotel the other evening smoking a twenty-cent eigar with an air o great enjoyment. He raised his eves languidly to watch the wreaths of light blue smoke which curled fantastically up from the white ash on the end of the cigar. The well-fed gentleman's reverie was rudely disturbed by the approach of an amiable bore, a shabby young man, who begged the privilege of a light. It was with an air of distinct ill humor that the gentleman turned the lighted end of his cigar up toward the intruder, still retaining a firm hold on the eight itself, however. The young

GERONIMO AND HIS BAND.

MADE BLOODTHIRSTY BY UNWISE AND UNFAIR TREATMENT.

Cenrico Because they are Ignorant—Chate, Geronimo's Cousin, Believed to have Been a Traiter in the Government Camp. WASHINGTON, Sept. 18 .- Col. M. V. Sheri-

dan, Major Farnsworth, Capt. Kellogg, and several other officers now here have had experience in fighting the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. Major Farnsworth was in the Department of Arizona, off and on, for more than a dozen years, and, as Inspector-General, has just returned from Fort Apache and the San Carlos reservation. In conversations with these offiers some interesting facts were brought out. Geronimo was not known prominently until after the death of Victorio, the chief of the Warm Springs tribe, a little more than three years ago. He is the son of Mangus Colorado. by far the worst chief of his race. Mangus never had any cause for being bad. He had always been treated reasonably well. But he boasted that he never had been beaten and never would be. He roamed over a vast extent of territory, killing the white settlers, plundering their homes, and driving away their stock. He trained Geronimo in the severest school, teaching him that the whites were few and weak and the natural prey of the red man. Mangus knew nothing of any region beyond what he had seen. He would not believe that there were cities and a large extent of country in the East. His belief was that the whites and the reds sustained the same proportion to each other everywhere as they did in Arizona. He could remember when there were no whitee there, and he held it his duty to kill those who came. His squaw had a small admixture of Spanish blood in her veins, but she was in sympathy with all her husband's movements and when he was killed she began to flil the soul of Geronimo with the idea that he was destined by the Great Spirit to be the deliverer of his race and the exterminator of the whites,
Geronimo and Chato are cousins. The latter
is the son of Cochice, himself a noted chief in
his day. Cochice and Mangus Colorado were
brothers. Geronimo and Chato have aiways
carried the impression to the army officers that
they are very jealous of each other, Geronimo

in is day. Cochice and Mangus Colorado were brothers, Geronimo and Chato have aiways carried the impression to the army officers that they are very jealous of each other, Geronimo even going so far as to claim that the reason why he departed from the fort and went upon the war path was because he foared Chato would kill him. Chato, notwithstanding his many bloody deeds, among them the murder of Judge Mctomas and his family, was enlisted to help hunt Geronimo down. It is now believed that the war was protracted by the cunning of Chato. His was in almost constant communication with his cousin, and kept him fully informed of the plans of the troops. At length Gen. Miles got tired of his nonsense and sent him away. On account of this enlistment of Chato he cannot be tried by a military court, for the enlistment, notwithstanding his bloody deeds, condones his offences. He can be tried by a Territorial court, however, and the efficers say that no jury could be found in Arizona that would not hang him. He was seen by people at the crossing of the Gila not mere than an hour before Judge McComas and his family were murdered on the star road, and he was going with four bucks in the direction the doad bodies were found.

There has never been a moment since white men have known that country that a Chiricahua Apache could be trusted in safety. They will murder a man for a new ten cent piece. They will elimb into the Mogolion or Chiricahua Mountains and take positions that are perfectly familiar to them where they can see the troops approaching for twenty or thirty miles, and yet they cannot be seen. They ascend to points that are absolutely inaccessible to a white man. They will live on roots and bitter herbs, while a mountain wolf or a rattlesnake makes a feast for them.

The army officers all agree that the larger parfectly familiar to them where they can see the teroibe mistakes that were made in handing them. Prior to 1872 the Warm Springs Indians were comparatively a peaceful trible. They lived in a delightful valley i

purposes. It was found to be absolutely impossible to raise anything except turnips. On the 10th of Sectember, 1872, Gen. Howard first visited Fort Tularosa. He asked Victorio why the Indians did not cultivate the soil. In a very significant way this chief took the General by his armless sleeve and led the way to Major Farnsworth's garden, where the corn and everything else had been killed by the frost, and pointing to the side of the second pointing to the second

erai by his armless sleeve and led the way to Major Farnsworth's garden, where the corn and everything else had been killed by the frost, and, pointing to it, said;

"How can Indians do what soldiers can't do?" This satisfied Gen. Howard that a mistake had been made and the Warm Springs Indians were returned to their valley, only to have a greater mistake made a few months later by removing them to the San Carlos reservation and combining them with their hereditary enemies, the Chiricahua Apaches. The army officers all sympathizs with the Warm Springs Indians, and hold that they have been badly treated. From the moment of this foolish attempt to combine these tribes there has been no reace. Victorio, who had received his name in 1868 from the capture of the 300 head of the combined tribes, and up to the time of his death constantly incited strife and turmoil.

When the Warm Spring Indians were taken to San Carlos they numbered 735. It is not known exactly how many Chiricahuas there were at that time, but it is thought there were not less than 1,000. To-day there are only 495 of both tribes combined. Thus has the constant warfare nearly exterminated them. It was the idea of Gen. Pope, as long ago as 1865, that the proper way to civilize the savage bands was to bring them East, instead of constantly driving them westward. He argued that in this way the lesser and weaker would be absorbed by the greater and stronger. Even to this day the wiser tribes do not believe that there is such a thing as civilization in the East. When Uncotasch, the great Ute chieftain, returned to his people from Washington a few years ago and told them that he had seen railroad trains and boats propelled by steam, he was told that the white people had made him mad. He was deposed, and his voice has never since been itstened to in the Gouncils of his rise. Nana, the savage Chiricahua, who is a prisoner at Fort Marion, Fia., has no idea where his native land is He does not even know in which direction he has come. He is not so old but that

to be afraid to move about.

It is said at the War Department that Geronimo has murdered no less than than thirty settlers. The difficulty that has constantly prevailed in the work of hunting him is the fact that no one could tell where he was and where he was likely to appear next. He always knew exactly where the troops were, and kept well out of their way. His murders were always committed at a point remote from the troops, and by the time the crimes were discovered he was in the fastnesses of the mountains. They believe that his notion in surrendering now is that he may rest and recruit for a time, and, gathering together a new and fresh band, go again upon the warpath. He considers the white man infinitely his inferior. He regards the narrow area of country with which he is familiar as the entire earth, and he sees how hispless are his enomies in hunting him. He believes that he has completely outwitted Gen, Miles at every point. It is the religious belief of the Chiricahuu chiefs that it is wrong to speak English. Some of them understand it fairly well, but will not venture to speak beyond single words at a time, and will almest never utter Spanish in the presence of a third party who understands it. Every one at the War Department says that the final disposition of Geronimo and the other captured chiefs now depends entirely upon the wishes of the President. No one will venture to say what it is best to do with him.

A WOMAN'S FORTITUDE.

Thrilling Story of a Night in the Pearl Pass of the Rocky Mountains.

OURAY, Col., Sept. 12.-For three or four years there lived in Leadville a little blackeyed, black-haired woman, Agnes Mayham, She was a widow who had one child, a little girl. Mrs. Mayham made a living by peddling. Her little stock in trade consisted of stockings, gloves, handkershiefs, buttons, thread, and other knick-knacks. Her face was familiar to almost every woman in the Carbonate Camp. When business was dull Mrs. Mayham would sling her little pack over her shoulder and pay a visit to neighboring camps, where she frequently reaped quite a harvest from the wives of the miners.

Early last spring she took a trip to Aspen. about sixty miles west of Leadville. Her atention was next directed to Crested Butte, another camp or town, about forty miles still further west. Between the two places there is a range of high and rugged mountains. Mrs. Mayham travelled all day and stayed over night at the cabin of a ranchman, who with his family had settled on the eastern side of the mountain range. The next day she resumed her journey and hoped by nightfall to reach her

The worst of the road still lay before her. She had to cross the bleak range over which there was only a dim trall which none but the hardiest mountaineers had trodden. This trail lay over what is known as Pearl Pass, one of the most difficult and dangerous passes in the Rocky Mountains. It lies at an altitude of 12,-000 feet above the level of the sea and 1,000 feet above the point at which vegetation ceases to grow. On this bleak and desolate pass nothing can be seen but bold and precipitous mountains, with rugged peaks piercing the clouds that constantly hover around them. No living creature breaks the monotony of this awful solitude. The trail, however, was comparatively plain, and Mrs. Mayham, who had been in the mountains until she could follow a trail almost as well as a man, felt confident that she

could make the trip.

The courageous little woman trudged along, climbing by slow degrees the circuitous path that gradually led to the summit of the mountain. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon she found herself at the very top of Pearl Pass. No sign of vegetation appeared to cheer the lonely prospect. The wind whistled and howled over the unbroken solitude. Tired and footsore, she pushed forward. She reached the summit. The clouds began to thicken around her, and in a few minutes the snov began to fall. The wind blew it in eddying gusts around her, and it was not long before she realized the terrible truth that the dim trail would soon be covered up. To miss it in a snow storm is almost certain death. A single misstep might plunge her down hundreds of feet and dash her to pieces on the jagged rocks The way was soon entirely obscured. The

frightened woman paused to think. To proceed was certain destruction, and to remain would be equally fatal. She could not retrace her steps, for the snow had hid from view the her steps, for the snow had hid from view the scrpentine trail so completely that the most experienced prospector could not follow it. She did not dare to go forward for lear of losing her way, and she could not ile down, as she would freeze to death and be wrapped in a winding sheet of snow. She decided to walk backward and forward along a certain beat for a distance of about thirty feet, where she knew the trail lay, and by this means keep up the circulation, and at the same time not wander from the trail. It was drawing toward twilight, and the snow fell so thick and fast that it almost blinded her; but she continued to walk up and down the beat she had laid out, following in her own tracks, and in this way she prevented the falling snow from hiding them from view. Back and forth, beat and forth, hour after hour, on that stormswept mountain she traced and retraced her weary way. Darkness came on and still the snow fell and the wind howied. The plucky little woman held her beaten path. Her clothes were wet with snow. Her soggy skirts hung about her childed and weary limbs. The hours of that lonely night dragged slowly on, and each succeeding hour found her steadily keeping up the measured tread from one end of the little path to the other. She knew the necessity of economizing her strength so that she would not become exhausted and be compelled to lie down and sleep the sleep of death. She realized that in constant motion lay her only hope of ever seeing daylight again. All through the long and dreary hours of that seemingly endless bight she kept up her pace, until the snow was banked up on each side of the little track. Several times her courage nearly failed her and she was on the point of lying down and resigning herself to her fate, when the recollection of her little orphan girl inspired her anew and gave her renewed strength and courage. Her strength was gradually being exhausted. Unless help came within a few hours at most human nature would have to yield.

At last the gray dawn of morning began to br serpentine trail so completely that the most At last the gray dawn of morning began to

At last the gray dawn of morning began to break over the mountains. It found the heroic little woman still treading the path. As the sun rose the snow ceased to fall. The clouds broke away and the snowy peaks glittered like minarets in the bright sunlight. She continued her weary waik till about 10 o'clock when a mail carrier on snowshoes came over the pass from Created Butte and rescued her. He placed her on his long. Norwegian snowshoes, fastened her feet to the runners with leather thongs, and, bidding her put her arms around his neck for support, he soon landed her in safety at a cabin on the western slope of the mountain. A sied was improvised, and she was taken to Created Butte.

For weeks she lay in a burning fever. It was a hard struggle between life and death. A strong constitution, however, pulled her through, and she finally recovered. A subscription paper was pussed around among the scription paper was passed around among the miners, and \$500 was raised, with which she started a little store in Crested Butte, where she is to-day doing a good business.

A PUZZIED EDITOR.

He Can't Understand Way There is No Off-

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 18 .- The New Haven Register, though a stanch Democratic news-paper, is very hearty in its support of President Cleveland's civil service policy, as understood by the Mugwumps, and is also inclined to support the Morrison idea of what the tariff ought to be. Yet some of the President's appointments in Connecticut bave rather staggored the Register. Byxbee, the Collector of the Port, had been Chairman of the State Central Committee, and was a member of the committee when appointed. Troup, the editor of the Union, was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue, and has since turned every Republican out of the Collector's office and appointed good, zealous Democratic workers in their places. Marshal Bates owed his appointment as United States Marshal to the fact that he was as hard a Democratio caucus worker as can be found in the State. While these three leading appointments in Connecticut seemed and by the time the crimes were discovered however. The young man cooling leaned over with a half-burned cigarette between his yellow finger tips, deliberately leave the proposed and the search of the cigarette between his yellow finger tips, deliberately knowledge the tips of the critical proposed to the consideration of to indicate that the President was being in-

JOSIE ANDERSON'S COMPANY

SHE LOVED HIM, AND DID NOT KNOW HE WAS A DETECTIVE.

He Learned, as he Started Out to Do, tha she was an Incendiary and a Horse Thief and has Told the Authorities About Her GOLDEN, Col., Sept. 16 .- The New York ranch, a somewhat famous place, is situated a few miles from this town. A mile away from that is a mine owned by one Anderson, who has a daughter named Josic. The country round about is given up generally to stock raising. For some time previous to the 1st of April last a good deal of cattle and horse stealing had been done in the vicinity. The people who lived on the New York ranch were suspected, but as the family consisted only of a widow and her sons, both young, it was thought at first that the suspicions were unfounded. At length, however, absolute proof of their guilt in one case was found, and the mother, a Mrs. Gifford, and one of her sons were arrested. Their trial soon followed, and on their convic tion the woman was sentenced to one year in

prison and the young man to five years.

As soon as Mrs. Gifford was placed in custody she made an arrangement with a man named Rothman by the terms of which the latter was to live on the ranch during her absence to take care of the property. Mrs. Gifford had only been in the penitentiary a day or two when, on one dark and stormy night in April, the New York ranch was destroyed by fire, Rothman's family were on the premises and were awakened from a sound slumber by the roar of the flames. Escaping in their night clothes, they were able to save none of Mrs. Gifford's property and but very little of their own. The next morning Rothman found a girl's straw hat near the ruins of the ranch. and in the soft earth were the footprints of a horse leading up to and away from one of the rear doors of the burned building.

As Mrs. Gifford had an insurance of \$3,000 on her property in the State Insurance Company, the agent of that corporation in Denver was soon on the ground, and to him Rothman made known the facts which had come to his knowledge. Satisfied that the ranch had been burned for the insurance the agent returned to Denver, and a day later a detective made his appearance. After a careful investigation and close inquiry into the antecedents of Mrs Gifford he came to the conclusion that that woman had had as a confederate in her cattle and horse stealing operations, and probably in

woman had had as a confederate in her cattle and horse stealing operations, and probably in the conspiracy against the insurance commany, no less a person than Miss Josie Anderson. It therefore became his duty to make the acquaintance of the girl.

Pretending to be the agent of wealthy English speculators, he called at the Anderson place to negotiate for the purchase of the old man's mine. He found the owner willing to sell, and after a protracted dicker the sale was made, the detective agreeing to pay Anderson \$3,000 for the property. During all this time, however, the detective had not given his whole time to business. He found Josie Anderson to be a sprightly and vivacious girl of 18, with a stout body, a round, rosy face well bronzed, clear blue cyes, and an abundance of wavy brown hair, and it was not long before the mountain girl and the gay agent were making love most industriously. Josie could ride a horse as well as any man in the State, and her cleverness with the rifle was amazing. Together they took many long rides, and before the mine had been purchased the agent and Josie were engaged to be married.

On one or two occasions the girl in conversation with her lover referred to the fact that she had been suspected of burning the New York ranch, but her companion eleverly turned the subject off by pretending that it was too painful and preposterous for him to hear. He liked the wild, free life that she led, he said, and thus in each other's company they were seen day after day in mountain and valles, until in

ful and preposterous for him to hear. He liked the wild, free life that she led, he said, and thus in each other's company they were seen day after day in mountain and valley, until in every household it was common task that Josie Anderson had made a great catch, and that if she would behave herself in the future she might be somebody after all. In the course of time the girl referred once more to the New York ranch firs, and, evidently with the object of increasing the admiration of her suitor, said that a detective in Golden had accused her of the crime, and that she had put him to flight by raising her six shooter on him.

"You are a brave girl," said the agent, stroking her hair, "and I am proud to be loved by a woman like you."

"I never loved anybody but you." she answered, "and I never will."

The agent then said that detectives were secundreds and at great longth he recounted some of his adventures with them-showing in every case how he had outwitted them in their attempts to familiarize themselves with asters which concerned him align. attempts to familiarize themselves with mat-ters which concerned him alone. The girl ap-proved of his course, complimented him on his shrawdness, and mentioned the burned ranch. But you didn't burn the ranch, did you?" he asked.

But you didn't she reolled, looking him straight in the face, and then on one of their rambles she gave him in detail all the circumstances. For two or three years she had been stances. stances. For two or three years she had been actively engaged in stealing cattle and horses. The cattle were all driven to the New York stances. For two or three years she had been actively engaged in stealing cattle and horses. The cattle were all driven to the New York ranch and butchered, but the horses were sold at various places. When Mrs. Gifford and her son were arrested, Josie visited the former in jail at Golden and learned for the first time that the ranch was insured. Mrs. Gifford suggested its destruction, and Josie agreed to bring it about, first going there foremove from the room in which Mrs. Gifford's goods were stored those that were of most value. This room was accessible from the outside, and the key to the door was placed in the girl's keeping. The next night, without assistance, Josie rode to the place, and, gaining an entrance, put Mrs. Gifford's silver and best dresses into a bag and carried them off. The night following this, while a heavy storm was in progress, the young woman again rode to the ranch for the purpose of destroying it. On her saddle, besides a brace of revolvers, she carried a suit of male clothing, securely rolled in a bundle, to be used in case of pursuit. On nearing the ranch she found the lights all out in the portion occupied by the Rothman family, and, riding up to the door of which she had the key, she quietly dismounted and entered. Once on the inside the girl ripped open a straw bed, scattered the contents around, and fired them. Then, going outside, she mounted her horse and waited until she saw that the flames were spreading satisfactorily, and presently deshed away. On leaving the place her hat blew off, and as she could not find it readily she continued her flight without it. Instead of going home she continued on to the Berryranch, where she arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning, and where a bed was given to her.

When the detective lover heard this common the same night that in avergated piles of horses and cattle in my day, and in many cases I have butchered the cattle with my own hand on the same night that i navigated them. I've got \$2.000 that I've saved in one way and another, and when M

I have butchered the cattle with my own hand on the same night that I navigated them. I've got \$2,000 that I've saved in one way and another, and when Mrs. Gifford gets out of prison and secures her insurance money. I'm to have \$500 of that for the part I took in the job."

The detective continued his attentions to Josie until a few days ago, taking her to Denver on several occasions, to go to the theatre and to make purchases for her wedding outlif, and at last, after gotting from her lips enough evidence to send both her and Mrs. Gifford to the penitentiary, and all in the hearing of third persons who were concealed about the rooms in Denver in which their conversations were held, he quietly left Golden, and has not been seen here since. No presecution has yet been begun, because the insurance company will make no move unless Mrs. Gifford does, and as everybody around here is alraid of Josie, no one is anxious to appear as a complaining witness against her. It is believed, however, that her arrest will soon be made. A rumor got out use night that she had been lynched, but it was found to be untrue.

found to be untrue.

A man who saw Miss Anderson yesterday and spoke to her about the detective, says that she colored up, and, grasping her revolver, observed:
"I've met smooth ones before in my day, but

From the Boston Becord.

A friend of the young Hoston Record.

A friend of the young Hoston violinist. Arma Senkrah ange: "When I knew Miss Senkrah first, she was living with her mother in Paris. She was then only 17, and a singularly altractive and charmon creature It is almost impossible to give an idea of her singuist personality, she is a thorough artis, and she life is in her music. It is the one aim of her mother's extended to guard her daughter from any sensitions relations.

"My daughter shall never marry for love, and certainly she will never need to marry for position. Her art gives her that. She is an artist without offering, and I mean to sheld her from ever beding any keen joy or sorrow, said kra Harkness one day, as we were all waiting in the Champ Edysees.

waiting in the Champs Riysees.

"But Arma may fail in love with some one," I objected,

"That's what I sometimes tell mamma," said the young grif gravely, "I don't expect to. I don't see how i could care more for anytody than for my violin. But then it might happen, I suppose. It would be very unfortunate her may as she looked playing at a small party a few months afterward in a London drawing room. She held her violin as if it were living, and she investif, the is rather tail and sincher and at that time her hair was worn rather short. It is very curry, but it was not in ringlets, but rather in a thick mass pushed up from her forehead and thrown over the ward. She plays with splended force and fire, and is as striking in looks as in artistic individuality. She has seen must of her life in Germany and France, and of course, spanka the languages of both countries perfectly. She speaks the languages of both countries perfectly. She speaks the language makes the many been accustioned from her early childhood to other languages."

NEW YORK'S BUGS AND BIRDS.

Comparatively Few Insects, but a Remark able Variety of the Feathered Family. From the St. Paul Piemeer-Press.

THROUGH DEATH VALLEY.

THREE MEN FIND THE LUNG-LOST

GUNSIGHT MINES.

Their Wagens Shrivelled and their Water Barrels Burst-Almost Perishing Before the Mountains were Reached Gold in Abusdance-A New Expedition.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14.-There are

now in this city three man who have recently crossed and recrossed the famous Death Valley

of southern California, and who have succeeded

in solving a mine mystery which has baffled

the most daring and skilful prospectors for

many years. The Gunsight placors were lo-

cated in '49, but were afterward lost, and,

though repeated attempts have been made to

About six weeks ago when A. F. Judson, A.

D. Spring, and Barney Carter announced that

they were going after the Gunsight trail, their

friends sought to dissuade them, and chance

acquaintances laughingly bade them good-by

forever. No one ever expected to see them

again, and when the set out confidently on

their mission they were given up as dead men

might have been. So many such expeditions

had left this and other towns only to meet

death in its most horrible forms, that this one

About a week ago the three men returned,

They came in by rail, ragged, emaciated, and

feeble, and one of them, Carter, sick abed. But

all were enthusiastic over their achievements,

and each had in his pockets nuggets to prove

his assertion that the Gunsight mine had been

found. The story of their trip would be in-

credible were they not here as living witnesses

to its truth, their bodies bearing all too plainly

Knowing that the discoverers of the Gunsight

mines crossed the Death Valley, these adven-

turers sought, if possible, to make the same trail. Once through the Mojave desert, they

soon came to the dazzling white sandy plain,

turers sought, if possible, to make the same trail. Once through the Mojave desert, they soon came to the dazzling white sandy plain, where no life can exist. Almost at the first step they were prostrated by the flore heat from above and below. Their feet swelled so that they were compelled to rip open their shoes, and the googles which they had prepared were but feeble protection for their eyes. The men had two wagons, each drawn by two horses, and in these vehicles they carried water in barrels and other suppiles. After an hour or two of the most painful locomotion, the heat becoming more intolerable, after an hour or two of the most painful locomotion, the heat becoming more intolerable at every step, the party paused a few minutes for rest and refreshment. The poor beasts fairly groaned in their agony, and the men themselves did not dare look at each other lest they would read in each other's eyes the despair which sli know was settling upon them. On every hand they beheld the whitened skeletons of men, of horses, and of burros. In some places they found the remains of what appeared to have been an expedition—ruined vehicles, with the skeletons of horses and men lying about. Yaltures swooped down upon them with angry cries, and other birds of prey circled high above their heads, following them as they progressed.

When night came they followed the north star, one man trying to seep while the others drove. At daybreak there was nothing to relieve the eye. All around them was the gleaming sand; overhead the brassy sky, and far away the rocky sides of mountains on which no vegetable life was ever found. Wearlly they pressed on, confident that the worst was over, but when almost in sight of the east range of the Amargosas, to which they were bound, the blizzing heat played them a mercless prank.

These corching which men and beasts were enduring with reasonable fortitude was too much for the water barrels and their wagons. The wood of which they were made shrank and shrivelled until they fell to pieces there wa

the proofs of the sufferings which they have

was regarded as especially foolhardy.

flud them, most of the men engaged in the

effort have perished.

able Verless of the Feathered Family.

From the St. Paut Piemeer-Press.

The song of the locust and the music of the cricket and katydid are filling country towns with melody rarely heard in the metropolis. The other night I was passing through the City Hail Park. On the right of the \$15,000,000 Court House built by Tweed squatted a squad of newsboys and bootblacks. A duil, dying roar of truck wheels and the occasional tinkle of a horse-car bell told that the work of the day was nearly over. The boys sat as quiet as mice, with their hands to their ears. For five minutes they neither spoke nor stirred. Currious as to the cause of their silence. I quietly watched them. A musical chirping reached myear, and the mystery was explained. They were listening to the shrill notice of a cricket. None of them had ever heard the music before. Living in the city over thirty-five years. I had only once heard the merry chirp south of the Central Park. It came for two years in succession from beneath a wooden stoop in Grand street. Very few of the insects that enliven life in the country appear in New York. Thirty years ago katydids gave concerts at the Battery, but of late years their songs have been hushed, and they are now never heard down town. Indeed, it was at the Battery that the great Jullien first listened to them. It was when he accompanied Jenny Lind on her famous American tour. He was so delighted that he composed the well-known "Katydid Poika" in their honor. Twenty years ago it was thumped every day on nearly every planoforte in the country.

Thousands of boys in the city have never seen

was thumped every day on nearly every planoforte in the country.

Thousands of boys in the city have never seen
a locust nor heard its song. Bumblebees and
dragon flies are rare visitors, but the mosquito
is frequently wafted thither by breezes from
the Jersey marshes. Fireflies and the common
yellow butterfly are also frequenters of city
parks and gardens. June bugs and potato
bugs never appear. In their places, however,
we have insects not often found in the country.
Among these are immense moths and millers, bugs never appear. In their places, however, we have insects not often found in the country. Among these are immense moths and millers, attracted by the glare of the electric lights. Some are as large as swallows. These gather around the lofty lights that illumine Madison and Union squares. They cast condor-like shadows on the asphalt pavements, which frequently startle nervous women. The brilliance of the lights forcing these shadows from the great insects that Duzz around the carbon may be gauged by the remark credited to a newly arrived immigrant. He was walking up Broadway after dark. On making the turn at Grace Church, he got the full force of the electric light, perched aloft on Union square. "Howly Moses!" he said, "luk at the moon on a shick." We have great cockroaches, nearly two inches long, that resemble animated chips of maning birds, and when cornered or thrown on a steam chest sometimes emit a most plaintive sound, Grasshoppers are not often seen in the down-town parks. Not long ago an urchir returned from a trip to Iona Island with one of the exhibited it to a crowd of wild-ered gamins, mear the city hall, all of whom declared it

down-town parks. Not long ago an urchin returned from a trip to lona Island with one of the big dun fellows so common in the country. He exhibited it to a crowd of while-stod gamins, near the city hall, all of whom declared it a cockroach with yellow wings. A tumble bug, a lady bug, or an old-fashioned snapping bug, would be as great a curlosity to a city boy as a hippopotamus to rustle youths. One pest is found here and not found in rural towns. It seems to be bred in the alianthus trees so common in New York. It appears in the shape of countless tiny caterpillers blown over the yards in August. They strip wysteris vines and all creepers of their leaves, and make a grapevine look like a skelton. With the beginning of September they take wings and disappear, after which the vines renew their leaves and look as fresh as they did in May.

In comparison with the scarcity of rural insects the city has a remarkable variety of bird life. English sparrows here do not have everything their own way. Years ago the great forest fires drove brown thrashers, robins, cat birds, orioles, and similar songsters to the metropolis. They have returned each year, and it is by no means a strange sight to see them dancing over the green sward of the City Hall Park and Washington square. Larer birds than these are seen. The cry of the upland plover and the shrill call of the jack snipe have been heard in Central Park, Last fall a flock of qualitaligated in Bryant Park and ran around under the benches like thry chickens. One morning in early spring I was awakened by a colored servant, who called my attention to a strange bird in the back yard. I looked out of the wine. in early spring I was awakened by a colored servant, who called my attention to a strango bird in the back yard. I looked out of the window. There stood a woodcock balanced on one log gazing into the basement and apparently interested in the kitchen range. The cook said that the bird had not stirred from its position for half an hour. It was a cloudy morning. Not dreaming that the bird was wild, I seized a cloak to throw over it, but as the door was opened it mounted the air, and with a ringing note disappeared in the direction of Long Island. It had evidently been attracted to the yard by the muck with which the soil had been enriched.

and by the muck with which the soil had been earliched.

Owls frequent the parks at night. Five years ago two were killed near the City Hall, and last year police officers slaughtered them right and left in Central Park. One owl grew so bold that he dushed through a bow window after dark in quest of a canarydancing on his perch in the gashight. King birds, cow birds, yellow hummers, swamprobbins, wrens, and cherry birds dart over our roofs and give a country fever to business men overladen in their use of life. Two weeks ago I saw a bald eagle circling 600 feet in the air above the City Hall, either taking in the panorama below him or waiting for the shakeup in the Department of Public Works. The English sparrow is, of course, the most numerous of the city birds and attracts the most attention. I have seen a thousand persons gathered around a grass plot in the park watching a flight between cock sparrows. Numerous bets were offered, and one sportsman was so wild that he cursed his luck because he couldn't open a French pool.

No wild city flyer, however, shows the intelligence of the city birds and one sportsman was so wild that he cursed his luck because he couldn't open a French pool.

No wild city flyer, however, shows the intelligence in the results of the valley and be mountains. that he cursed his luck because he couldn't open a French pool.

No wild city fiver, however, shows the intelligence of a domestic bird. At 10 o'clock on the night of Aug. 31 I was seated near a famous parrot. Its cage was covered. I was reading a newspaper. Suddenly the bird dropped from its perch in great excitement. Sand and gravel flew in all directions, and water was thrown from the little cup and sprinkled against the wall. I snatched the covering from the cage. The bird hung by its feet from the top bars. Its eyes were wild and it seemed dazed. Under the supposition that an ant had bitten it I tried to soothe it, and searched the cage without result. The parrot answered no questions, and beyond a contractnesswered no questions, and beyond a contracan ant had bitten it I tried to soothe it, and searched the cage without result. The parrot answered no questions, and beyond a contraction of the publis of its eyes made no motion. At last, after ten minutes had passed, in clear and startling accents it asked. "What is it?" From that on it was dumb until daylight. The cause of its terror was learned on the next morning when the newspapers were filled with accounts of the great earthquake. The parrot had feit the shock which had been unnoticed by those near it.

Sam Keith Attracts Attention. From the Chicago Mail.

From the Chicago Mail.

Just after Dr. Tanner had finished his forty-day fast Sam Keith and a party of Chicago men were travelling through the East. Keith is a rich frand Pacific bachelor, little, thin, and looks as though he and hearly meals were uther strangers. Having arrived at the travelling at the town in New York State, one of the strain a little town in New York State, one of the travelling at the common of the strain as in the town in New York State, one of the travelling at the common of the strain and the travelling at the common of the strain and the travelling at the common of the strain and the strain and the number of people they common of somewhat on the number of people they common the out of the done of the diming room and pered curiously in the party was a large, the strain and and done the rectalering. But it the natives acted curiously while the party was eating, their actions were still more unaccountable when supper was over. Keith seemed to be the cynosure of all eyes. He took a stroil down the street, and a wondering crowd followed. Ho sat in front of the hitely and the through blocked up the way. Finally one man, more stitures one than the rest, came up and shook. "How do Doctor?" he said; "you don't seem to have suffered very much."

Then another advanced and asked if he would object to telling what his feelings were. This was too much for Keith, so he made his escape. As he was entering the hotel office he heard still another party remark:

"He looks pretty healthy, doesn't he?"

A vague misgiving seized him, and he burried to the register. His friend had registered him. "Dr. Tanner."

From the Merchant Traveller.

"You know the new catcher of the base ball "Yes."
"Saw him down at the doctor's office the other day."
"What was he there for?" "What was he there fur!" "tetting vaccinated."
"Vaccinated."" yac theavens! What does he wan to get carcinated for! He'd never catch anything in a bundled year."

From the Indianapolit Journal.

BETHLEHEM, N. H., Sept. 11.—The thirteenth annual meeting of the Hay Fever Association has almost in section here. A larger attendance than ever testified to an increased interest in the association and the second of the larger attendance that play for the indianasion centered on the new drug, hydrochlorate of cocame, and the new galvano-cautery process, both of which are need to dealer or destroy the oversensitiveness of the liming membrane of the nose. The lestinony of doctors and hay fever sufferers seems to be that hydrochlorote of cocame gives temporary reigh, but that it has paralyzed his auditory nerve. Concerning the galvano-cautery, reports were diverse—some reporting complete cure; others relief for one or two years, and still more no relief whitever.

Floxes of nostrum are sent to the association yearly, the hydrochlorote of give it, sanction to any relief hydrochlorote one was the process of the sent of the cocame of the new of the property of the sent of the sent of the sent of the paralysis of the sent of the sent of the sent of the sent of \$1 am hay fever victim can become a member and receives the association's efforts also medical men have become interested in the disease.

length, more dead than alive, they emerged from the valley and began the ascent of the mountains.

Here they found some bunch grass, on which their horges feasted, and a spring of water, copious draughts from which soon revived the entire party. Tarrying at this spring aday or two for the purpose of recuperating, the mea finally pushed on, prospecting the country closely as they went. For a week no trace of gold or of the previous presence of man was found, but on the eighth day, as they were digging for water, they came upon gravel abounding in coarse gold in nuggets worth from \$1 to \$5 apiece. This, then, was in the vicinity of the far-famed Gunsight placers, and another day's investigation brought them upon the very ground where nearly forty years ago the mines had been staked out. Procuring many the specimens, the men returned by a roundabout way, and on arriving here made known their discovery. The disapidated appearance of the adventurers and the magnificent specimens which they had with them brought plenty of friends to their side, and already preparations are in progress for an expedition which is to have for its object the opening of the mines.

This caravan will be supplied with wagons with steel wheels, and it will carry water in barrels made of sheet iron. The experience of the party has convinced them that wooden vehicles and reservoirs are useless in the surching atmosphere of Death Valley, and they will run no further risks with them. It is expected that a start will be made in about two weeks, the company this time being larger and going prepared for a winter campaign.

Results of the Thirteenth Annual Meeting at

From the Indianapolit Journal.

Boils and

Impure condition of the blood. They are a source of great suffering, and are liable to appear in large numbers, unless overcome by the use of some powerful alter-ative. Ayer's Sarsuparilla cures these painful tumors, and also prevents them, by removing their cause. One year ago I suffered from Boils and Carbuncles,

and for nearly two months was unable to work. I wa entirely Cured by

taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.-LEANDER J. McDONALD, Soley st., Charlestown, Mass.
For some time past, until recently, my blood was in a ordered condition. I was covered from head to foo with small, and very irritating, blotches. After using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am entirely cured. C. Odden, Camden, N. J.

I suffered with Bolls every spring, for years, until I began taking

By taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sar saparilla

Carbuncles.

For years I was afflicted with Carbuncies on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparila, which cured the Carbuncles, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite has improved, and I am in better health than ever before.—O. SNELL, Lowell, Mass. I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which ppeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Slotches. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medi-cine the best blood purifier in the world.—CHARLES H. SMITH. North Craftsbury, Vt. I had numbers of Carbuncies on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly.

Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayar's Sar-

saparilla. A few bottles of this medicine effected a per-manent cure.—E. F. LUND, Fortsmouth, Va.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYEE & CO., Lowell, Mass.

I have been cured of a troublesome skin disease, one by impure blood.—WM. O. VANEVEB, Hattle Creek.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles